

THE WHOLE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTON, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ABERDEEN:

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

OUR author, Mr SHENSTON, was eldest son of a Shropshire Gentleman, who lived upon his own estate. The father, early discovering the son's capacity resolved to give him a liberal education; and for this purpose sent him to Pembroke-college in Oxford, designing him for the church.—But though he had the most awful conceptions of a Supreme Being, he could never be prevailed on to enter into orders.

He was of no particular sect or opinion, and hated all religious disputes. Whatever his own sentiments were, his loyalty was great to such as differed from him. Tenderness indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic. His friends, his domestics and poor neighbours, had daily experience of his benevolence. This virtue he often carried to excess; but when he found that any of those whom he ranked amongst his friends used him ungenteely, he was hardly reconcileable. His maxim, on such occasions, deserves particular notice; “I never will be a revengeful enemy; but I cannot, it is not in my nature, to be HALF a friend.” Although quite unsuspicious in his temper; yet if his suspicion was once roused, it was not easily laid asleep.

His generous temper would not permit him to regard the proper use of money. This made him exceed the yearly income of his paternal estate, which was about three hundred pounds. But when one recollects

the paradise he raised around him, his hospitality, and indulgence to his servants, and charities to the indigent, there is more reason to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of oeconomy. However, as much remained as was sufficient to pay his whole debts, for which he appropriated his estate by his will.

Though some have imagined that his narrow circumstances prevented him from marrying; yet he had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, and discovered no aversion to wedlock. Love-affairs, in his youth, with much difficulty he surmounted. It was this gave occasion to that sweet pastoral, in four parts which has always been universally admired, and might one would think, subdue the most obdurate heart.

His character, as a writer, may be distinguished by an elegant simplicity, and a correct genius. His greatest difficulty, in all his compositions, was, to please himself. Mr SMENSTONE's talents were not wholly confined to poetry: His prose-works give the best display of his judgment and penetration, his great knowledge of the human heart, and his superior understanding.—Some things are left unfinished, others as single thoughts; but even these like the sparks of diamonds shew the richness of the mine to which they belong.—Our author's character being sufficiently established, any attempt to recommend his writings would be superfluous.

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E L E G I E S

On several Occasions.

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E L E G I E S.

E L E G Y I.

He arrives at his Retirement in the Country, and takes
occasion to expatiate in praise of Simplicity.

TO a FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now, mid the trees, I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast!
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends depart!
Fly my plain board, and dread my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains the price of fame!

O lov'd Simplicity! be thine the prize!
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm, who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the pow'r, the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn!
Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flatt'ry sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-sick HAMMOND flows,
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme:
Ah never could AONIA's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on ——'s plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
The ready pen that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!
'Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
'Such the soft image of our youthful mind!'

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,
The Loves and Graces steal unseen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ry vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with OEnone thou hast worn the day
Near fount or stream, in meditation rove;
If in the grove OEnone lov'd to stray,
The faithful muse shall meet thee in the grove.

E L E G Y II.

ON POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION. TO A FRIEND.

O Grief of griefs! that Envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise!
O foolish Muses! that with zeal aspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine, with bays!

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps ev'n Genius pours a slighted lay;
Perhaps ev'n Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
Ev'n Littleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Tho' weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Tho' near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,
The loit'ring fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can ev'ry sense of present joys excel:
For this, great Adrian chose laborious days;
Thro' this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work thro' latest ages fair!

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy:
Shall waft like odours thro' the pleasing page?

To mark the day when, thro' the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines!
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah let not Britons doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosoms catch this antient fire !
Cold int'rest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours but with life expire !

E L E G Y III.

On the untimely DEATH of a certain learned
ACQUAINTANCE.

IF proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies ;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo ! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish ALCON'S bier ;
The faithful muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art,
That odious art which fortune's fav'rites know ;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound ;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare ;
Virtue he knew : the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair ;

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wand'ring sheep,
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep.
And for his friend his very crook was sold:

Ye sons of wealth: protect the muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply?
Ah! helpless they to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wint'ry sky!

He lov'd a nymph: Amidst his slender store
He dar'd to love, and *Cynthia* was his theme;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair; the sweetest bud that blows
Revives less lovely from the recent show'r;
So *Philomel* enamour'd eyes the rose,
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flow'r!

He lov'd the muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his tim'rous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the muse, although she taught in vain;
He lov'd the muse for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel, forth to Virtue's fane.

E L E G I E S.

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He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
 He griev'd that Virtue might not wealth obtain;
 Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
 The pensive prospect sudden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
 Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
 As though the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
 As though the muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
 Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply;
 The gen'rous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
 But pow'r and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
 Where were ye then, ye pow'rful patrons, where?
 Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
 Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

E L E G Y IV.

OPHELIA'S URN. To Mr G——.

THrough the dim veil of ev'ning's dusky shade,
 Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
 What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!
 What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array ;
What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimm'ring twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return :
Constant, as crystal dew's impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn.

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the relics of that virtuous maid :
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise ;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

'Then Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade ;
" Why has such worth without distinction dy'd,
" Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade ?"

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh :
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flow'ets for Ophelia's tomb !
And Beauty chide the fate's severe command,
That shew'd the frailty of so fair a bloom !

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd wo,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain :
For mournful fable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the muse in vain !

Ah ! gentle forms, expect no fond relief ;
Too much the sacred nine their loss deplore :
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest fav'rite is no more.

E L E G Y V.

He compares the Turbulence of LOVE with the Tran-
quillity of FRIENDSHIP. To MELISSA, his Friend.

FROM Love, from angry Love's inclement reign
I pass a while to Friendship's equal skies ;
Thou, gen'rous maid, reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care :
How can my will and reason disagree ?
How can my passion live beneath despair ?
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee ?

Ah, dear Meliffa ! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My foul has yet furviv'd its dreariest time ;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love !
Love is a pleasing, but a various clime !

So smiles immortal Maro's fav'rite shore,
Parthenope with ev'ry verdure crown'd !
When strait Vesuvio's horrid caldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the region's round.

Oh blifsful regions ! oh unrival'd plains !
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd !
Oh fatal realms ! and oh accurs'd domains !
When Pliny 'mid sulphureous clouds expir'd !

So smiles the surface of the treach'rous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play ;
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave,
Ev'n hope subside amid the billows tost ;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

E L E G Y VI.

To a LADY, on the language of BIRDS.

Come then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore;
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides — 'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree;
Ah! who that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that Music may with Sense agree!

And come, my muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade,
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel;
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
No solemn dervise can explain so well.——

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sat,
The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I constru'd the mellifluent strain.

“ Sing on my bird——the liquid notes prolong,
At ev'ry note a lover sheds his tear;
Sing on, my bird——'Tis Damon hears the song;
Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear,

He the sad source of our complaining knows;
 A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
 He mourns the story of our ancient woes:
 Ah! could our music his complaints remove!

Yon plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
 And see, pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
 A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade;
 Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

Ere while no shepherd to these woods retir'd;
 No lover blest'd the glow worm's pallid ray;
 But ill-star'd birds that list'ning not admir'd,
 Or list'ning envy'd our superior lay.

Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his pow'r,
 Let such by day unite their jarring strains:
 But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
 Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

E L E G Y VII.

He describes his Vision to an Acquaintance.

Caetera per terras omnes animalia, &c. Virg.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
 Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
 Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend:

No kind companion led my steps aright,
No friendly planet lent its glimm'ring ray;
Ev'n the loan cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had giv'n a pleasing sound;
The village-cur 'twere transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where tow'ring Wolfey breath'd his native air,
A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a graceful form appear'd confess't:
White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger," he said, "amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonesome, whether wouldst thou stray?
Does wealth or pow'r thy weary step constrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

For know, I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r:
Felt ev'ry joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r,
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardour share;
Nor meanly rose to bliss myself alone:
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait:
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate.'

Ah me! said I, nor pow'r I seek nor gain:
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours nor my fields extend!
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

Beneath that home I scorn the wint'ry wind;
The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree:
As if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely coat resounds with glee!

Yet tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless I languish'd to bestow;
And tho' no friend to Fame's obstrep'rous blast,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign addresse,
Too mean to think that honours are my due;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to blest,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that like a meteor's fire
Shot'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees,
Should I to wealth, to fame, to pow'r aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious envy bar the road?
Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way?

Say, should I pass thro' Favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glitt'ring scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

Nurs'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?

And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

Oh ! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,
 Check not my speed where social joys invite !
 The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
 And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

E L E G Y VIII.

He describes his early LOVE of POETRY, and its
 Consequences. To Mr G——. * 1745.

AH me ! what envious magic thins my fold ?
 What mutter'd spell retards their late increase ?
 Such less'ning fleeces must the swain behold,
 That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in ev'ning circles meet ;
 I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay :
 I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet ;
 Ah fool ! to credit what I heard them say !

Ill-fated bard ! that seeks his skill to show,
 Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear !
 Not the poor vet'ran, that permits his foe
 To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

* N. B. Written after the death of Mr Pope.

Nor could my G—— mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way,
Welcome such error ! ever blest'd the cause !
Ev'n tho' it led me boundless leagues astray !

Could'st thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame ?
On list'ning Cherwell's oſier banks reclin'd,
While foe to fortune, unſeduc'd by fame,
I ſooth'd the bias of a careleſs mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, Health and Love, were met ;
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd ?
Now ſhall the muſe theſe vacant hours forget ?
Or deem that bleſs by ſolid cares repaid ?

Thou know'ſt how tranſport thrills the tender breaſt,
Where love and fancy fix their op'ning reign ;
How nature ſhines in livelier colours dreſt,
To bliſs their union, and to grace their train.

So firſt when Phoebus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their paſſion crown'd,
Unuſual flow'rs enrich'd the painted green,
And ſwift ſpontaneous roſes bluſh'd around.

Now ſadly lorn, from Twit'nam's widow'd bow'r,
The drooping muſes take their caſual way ;
And where they ſtop, a flood of tears they pour ;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay !

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose ?

The cowslip's golden cup no more I see :

Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,

To form the garland, Elegy ! for thee !——

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead ;

Ah might we now the pious rage controul !

Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be fled,

Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul !

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,

Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise ;

But soon too deep it works its baneful way,

And low on earth the prostrate * ruin lies.

E L E G Y IX.

He describes his Disinterestedness to a FRIEND.

INE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines ;

The pomp of India must I ne'er display ;

Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,

Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.

* Alludes to what is reported of the bay-tree, that if it is planted too near the walls of an edifice, its roots will work their way underneath, till they destroy the foundation.

Down yonder brook my crystal bev'rage flows ;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring ;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And from my grove I hear the throstle sing.

My fellow swains ! avert your dazzled eyes ;
In vain allur'd by glitt'ring spoils they rove ;
The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins ;
They gave you toils, but toils your sinews brace ;
They gave you nymphs that own their am'rous pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See ! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind !
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grotts and echoing vales assign'd !

Would'st thou, my Strephon, Love's delighted slave !
Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And giving bade thee in remembrance wear ?

Ill fare my peace, but ev'ry idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant pow'r of gain !
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream, slow wand'ring down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound ;
" Some miser weds," I cry, " the captive maid,
And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the muse's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shunn'd a soul disdain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the gen'rous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self, resigns ;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducat's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure ;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the fordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing ;
Bless'd with thy friendship, can I wish for more ;
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of * Lydia's king.

* Croesus.

E L E G Y X.

To FORTUNE, suggesting his Motive for repining at her
DISPENSATIONS.

ASK not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway;
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'Tis not that in my shade I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That on this breast no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe but to the flocks that graze:
And all inglorious in the lonesome shade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear.

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious weigh thy gold,
"Nor let yon rising column more aspire;
"Ah! better dwell in ruins than behold
"Thy fortunes mould'ring, and thy domes entire.

“ Honorio built, but dar’d my laws defy ;
“ He planted, scornful of my sage commands ;
“ The peach’s vernal bud regal’d his eye,
“ The fruitage repin’d for more frugal hands.”

See the small stream that pours its murm’ring tide
O’er some rough rock that would its wealth display,
Displays it aught but penury and pride ?
Ah ! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distill !
How mult * Velino shake his reedy crest !
How ev’ry cygnet mock the boastive rill !

Fortune, I yield ! and see, I give the sign ;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home ;
Collects the square, the level and the line,
And with retorted eye forsakes the dome.

Yes I can patient view the shadeless plains ;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall ;
Check the fond love of art that fir’d my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit recall.

* A river in Italy, that falls an hundred yards perpendicular.

Descend, ye storms ! destroy my rising pile ;
Loos'd by the whirlwind's unremitting sway ;
Contented I, although the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd ;
Guileless of envy, why should I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's preferr'd ?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the Swain's reluctant homage share ;
But ah ! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods ! must my Delia, must my Delia bear ?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress ? to Marian's gold ?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please ?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs infold ?

“ Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair :
“ Ye glitt'ring daughters of disguise, adieu ! ”
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air ;
But will the rural thane decide so true ?

Ah ! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns ?
'Tis thy false glare, O Fortune ! thine they see :
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

E L E G Y XI.

He complains how soon the pleasing NOVELTY of
LIFE is over. To Mr J——.

AH me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy scene, that cheats our youthful eyes?
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music's past;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the fages wisdom vain!
What has the world to bribe our steps astray?
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self subdu'd, obey?

Scarce has the sun sev'n annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shewn the whole that fortune can supply:
Since not the miser so carefs'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace;
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart?
Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art ! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone :
“ Tho' gold, tho' splendour, Heav'n and Fate deny,
“ Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own !”

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide !

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the pray'r,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home ;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er ?
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul :
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O Youth ! enchanting stage, profusely blest'd !
Blest even obtrusive courts the frolic mind ;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carest'd :
Careless to favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair ;
More free, more vivid than the linnet's wing ;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
 Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
 Not science shall extort the dear delight,
 Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures ! transports void of care !
 Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu !
 And you, her daughter's, pining with despair,
 Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue !

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day !
 Again to trace the wintry tracks of snow !
 Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey
 The self same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow !

O life ! how soon of ev'ry blest forlorn ?
 We start false joys, and urge the devious race :
 ▲ tender prey, that cheers our youthful morn,
 Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

E L E G Y XII.

His RECANTATION.

NO more the muse obtrudes her thin disguise;
 No more with awkward fallacy complains,
 How ev'ry fervour from my bosom flies,
 And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Are the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more she paints the breast from passion free;
I feel, I feel one loit'ring with survive—
Ah need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus ushers in the day,
The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt from int'rest free,
His gentle Delia tript across the plains.
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays;
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bow'rs;
And lo! my crook with flow'rs adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flow'rs,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

E L E G Y XIII.

To a FRIEND, on some slight OCCASION estranged
from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide !
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !
Soon may thy breast the cordial with resume,
Ere wint'ry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the Torrid Zone ;
Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand ?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once lov'd friend disown ?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime :
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?
Launch'd in the vast Abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the gen'rous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance !
Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one transient glance !

But we have met—where ills of ev'ry form,
 Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend :
 Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm ?
 And guide them to the bosom—of a friend !

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud and wrong ;
 Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore !
 Why leave thy friend amid the boist'rous throng,
 Ere death divide us, and we part no more ?

For oh ! pale sickness warns thy friend away !
 For me no more the vernal roses bloom !
 I see stern fate his ebon wand display,
 And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
 Sad as thou follow'st my untimely beir ;
 " Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
 " To let suspicion intermix a fear."

E L E G Y XIV.

Declining an Invitation to visit foreign Countries, he
 takes Occasion to intimate the Advantages of his own.

To Lord Temple.

WHILE others lost to friendship, lost to love,
 Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
 Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
 And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth ! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil !
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil !

In vain he boasts of his detested prize ;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade !

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime ;
An awkward stranger, if we waft it o'er ;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore ?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms ;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove ;
Nor for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or from these limbs with pliant ease to play ;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long since freedom fled th' Hesperian clime !
Her citron groves, her flow'r-embroider'd shore ?
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid:
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let * Ceylon's envy'd plant perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bow'l?
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud foldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The muse no more by flow'ry Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
As hapless realms that war's oppression feel!
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan:
Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty pow'r decay'd!

No crescent here displays its baneful horns;
No turban'd host the voice of truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

* The Cinnamon.

Boast favour'd Media, boast thy flow'ry stores;
Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd;
'Tis not the dress or mien my soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While * Grenville's breast could virtue's stores afford,
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight,
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville, thee with calmest courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee by the virtue's arm'd, the graces taught,
When we shall cease to boast, or to deplore?

Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompence decree?
While friends that merit ev'ry earthly joy,
Feel ev'ry anguish; feel—the loss of thee.

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the muse of partial praise arraign;
Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
And if she glory, glories not in vain.

* Written about the time of Captain Grenville's death.

E L E G Y. XV.

In memory of a * private FAMILY in Worcestershire.

FROM a lone tow'r with rev'rend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
Still, as the village caught the waving sound,
A swelling tear distream'd from ev'ry eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
When the dull curfew spoke, their freedom fled;
For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support is dead!

'Twas good Palemon—near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule
This peaceful scene for their asylum chose.

A few small spires, to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades, emerging, struck the view;
'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

* The Penns of Harborough; a place whose name, in the Saxon language, alludes to an arm. And there is a tradition that there was a battle fought, on the downs adjoining, betwixt the Britons and the Romans.

One favour'd son engag'd his tend'rest care ;
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd :
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky ;
 Blasts the fair crop—the fire is drown'd in tears,
 And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthia die !

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend ;
 Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread," he cry'd,
 "is spun !

If Heav'n had meant I should my life extend,
 Heav'n had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

Snatch'd in thy prime, alas the stroke were mild !
 Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree !
 Bless'd were my lot, O Cynthia ! O my child !
 Had Heav'n so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes ;
 Five irksome suns he saw through tears forlorn ?
 On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose ;
 From yonder dome, the mournful bier was borne.

'Twas on those * downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
 Fought our bold fathers ; rustic, unrefin'd !

* *Harborough Downs.*

Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd !
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat ;
War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name ;
If fost'ring skies, the sun, the show'r were blest,
Their bounty spread ; their fields extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend :
Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And avarice to city breasts descend.

None to a Virgin's mind preferr'd her dower ;
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir :
The fire, in place of titles, wealth, or power,
Assign'd him virtue ; and his lot was fair.

They spoke of Fortune, as some doubtful dame,
That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere ;
From lucre's vagrant sons had learn'd her fame,
But never wish'd to place her banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give;
Those wholesome sweets, that border virtue's way;
Those cooling fruits, that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find
The common bosom, like their own, sincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray'r;
Ah gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure, to blissful realms the souls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;
The friends of conscience! music, all their own;
Music the voice of virtue, and of love!

The journeying peasant, thro' the secret shade,
Hear'd their soft lyres engage his list'ning ear;
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chace unholy strife!

Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!

Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life,

To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel! pure spirits! vain the praise we give,

The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;

Farewel! the virtues which deserve to live,

Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race Palemon, now no more

The modest merit of his line display'd;

Then pious Hough Vigornia's mitre wore—

Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade.

E L E G Y XVI.

He suggests the Advantages of BIRTH to a Person of Merit, and the Folly of a SUPERCILIOUSNESS that is built upon that sole FOUNDATION.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendour glows,

When title shines, with ambient virtues crown'd;

Like some fair almond's flow'ry pomp it shews,

The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendour's ray;

Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;

Let meekness join'd its temp'rate beam display;

'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the fandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy ;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name ;
Foe to the dull applause of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot ; he wishes, merit's fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly ;
Ambition there the bow'ry haunt invades ;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye.
But gleam still lovely thro' the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove ;
Should * * * 's eyes illumine the desert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind ;
Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow ;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe ! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wand'ring fair ;
The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore :
Loose flow'd the soft redundancy of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flow'ry wreath she wore.

Oft slooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of every plain ; she pillag'd ev'ry grove !
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove,

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire ;
From Bethlem's wells the pure lymphatic stray'd ;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said :

" Hear me dear youth ! oh hear an hapless maid,
Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings !
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid ;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic — fly the race profane —
Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move ;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, shepherd ! hast thou seen my love ?

My love is young — but other loves are young ;
And other loves are fair, and so is mine :
An air divine descloses whence he sprung ;
He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,
Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow ;
A prince from gods descended, fires her breast :
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race ?
More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's beam !
The porc'lain pure with vulgar dirt debase ?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream ?

See thro' these veins the sapphire current shine !

'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue :
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine !
Display the lovely white, or match the blue ?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray ;

He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove ;
He frown'd—I smiling view'd the faint essay ;
Poor youth, he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told ;

How am'rous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair ;
How thro' the race the gen'rous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung

Our sacred race ; thro' demi-gods convey'd ?
And he, ally'd to Phoebus, ever young,
My god like boy, must wed their dutious maid.

Oft, when a mortal vow profanes my ear,

My fire's dread fury murmurs thro' the sky ;
And should I yield,—his instant rage appears,
He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll !

Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare !
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul ;
'Twas then—I hardly 'scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his am'rous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain ;—
Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh ! I faint ! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove ?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And I shall die—before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd ;
Tho' nights thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

O how this bosom kindled at the sight !
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chace ;
Till on a sudden, these with-held their light—
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

But now no more—behind the distant grove,
Wanders my distant youth, and chides my stay ;
See, see ! he grasps the steel——forbear my love—
Ianthe comes ; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply,
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain !
The piteous victim of an angry sky !
Ah me the victim of her proud disdain !

E L E G Y XVII.

He indulges the Suggestions of SPLEEN : AN ELEGY
to the WINDS

*Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento.*

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my pray'r!
A while thy fury check, thy storms confine!
No trivial blast impells the passive air,
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, Spleen; and dread the sway
Of rigid Eurus, his detested sire;
Thro' one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
Thro' one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noon tide beam,
I stand aghast; and chill'd with fear survey
How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream?

Where by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the sad preface of coming years,
And forr'wing dwells on pleasures now no more !

Again with patrons and with friends she roves ;
But friends and patrons never to return !
She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
But sees them weeping, o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis ! thy forsaken stream,
Oh ill forsaken for Baeotian air !
She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,
No reed so verdant, and no flow'rs so fair.

She dreams beneath thy sacred shades were peace,
Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel ;
Reviews the social bliss, thy learned ease,
And with no cheerful accent cries, Farewell !

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd !
By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd !
Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow ;
Sees ev'ry muse a partial ear incline ;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flatt'ring mirrour, form'd to please,
Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
Bids my fond verse the love sick parley cease;
Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!
Alas! there echo will repeat the tale——
Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone;
Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;
Away my friend! my sorrows are my own;
Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell!
'There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mould'ring refuse build my cell.

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display!
Trace ev'ry dismal proof of fortune's pow'r;
Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

Or where some dust, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach, in silence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirgies to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage ! paint thy ruin'd pride ;
Tow'rs, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown ;
Let banish'd * Marius, low'ring by thy side,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no ! thou monarch of the storms ! forbear ;
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul ;
And scarce a pleasing twilight sooths my care,
Ere one vast death like darkness shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile :
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

* Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium toleravit, cum Marius inspiciens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium alter alteri possent esse solatio. Liv.

E L E G Y XVIII.

He repeats the SONG of COLIN, a discerning Shepherd;
lamenting the State of the Wollen MANUFACTORY.

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curae mortalis egestas,
Avertes : victumque feres.

VIRG.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flow'ry plain,
A * tuneful shepherd charm'd the list'ning wave;
And sunny Cotfol' fondly lov'd the strain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
'To feel his music with my flames agree!
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee!

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shiv'ring beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his falt'ring notes decay,
The more pathetic truth sublim'd the song.

* Mr Somerville.

“ Adieu my flocks,” he said ! “ my wonted care
By sunny mountains, or by verdant shore !
May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your Colin’s crook no more.

And you, ye shepherds ! lead my gentle sheep ;
To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead ;
But if the sky with show’rs incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpl’d heath,
Long loit’ring there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath !
The fruitless gift of an officious friend !

Ah ! what avails the tim’rous lambs to guard,
Tho’ nightly cares with daily labours join !
If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia’s craft the pond’rous fleece purloin !

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave !
For this, I led them from the pointed thorn ?
For this I bath’d ’em in the lucid wave ?

Ah heedless Albion ! too benignly prone
Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign !
Shall ev’ry other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey’d prudence never yet be thine ?

From the fair natives of this peerless hill
Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
Far from their dams, their native guardians far!
Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece despise;
Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan;
In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
Allur'd by ev'ry treasure but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
Anxious to see the wint'ry tempest drive;
Preserve, said I, preserve your fleece, my sheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came: ah! wo is me, she came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like these they gave their spotless fame,
Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of British hills to fame?
And let her charms and her example own
That Virtue's dress, and Beauty's are the same?

E L E G I E S.

52

Will no fam'd chief support this gen'rous maid;
 Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
 And comely from his native plains array'd,
 Speak future glory to the British loom?

What pow'r unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
 I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
 Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
 To breathe my latest breath in * * * praise.

O might my breath for * * * praise suffice,
 How gently should my dying limbs repose!
 O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
 My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

* * * was born to spread the gen'ral joy;
 By virtue rapt, by party uncontroul'd;
 Britons for Britain shall the crook employ:
 Britons for Britain's glory share the fold."

E L E G Y XIX.

Written in Spring 1743.

A GAIN the lab'ring hind inverts the soil;
 Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave;
 Another spring renews the foldier's toil,
 And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

VOL. I.

F

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
'The sordid Alpheus hurry'd thro' my groves;
Yet stopt to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my fav'rite bow'r;
My breast, unsully'd by the lust of gold;
My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of pow'r.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate:
Abjure these scenes from venal passions free;
Know in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name:
Here as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flow'rs,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

Damon, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
Thou court success by virtue or by song,
Fly the false dictates of the venal race;
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
Swerve not thy foot with Fortune's vot'ries more;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
 " Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial pow'rs !
Aid me to quell the fordid breast," I said ;
 And * threw my jav'lin tow' rds their hostile tow'rs.

Think not regretful I survey the deed,
 Or added years no more the zeal allow ;
Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
 The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe ;
 Such gen'rous hate the † Punic champion bore ;
Thy lake, O Thrasimene ! beheld it glow,
 And Cannae's walls, and Trebia's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame ;
 Fair shine his arms, in history enroll'd ;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
 His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eye survey'd ;
 Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire ;
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
 And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

* The Roman ceremony in declaring war.

† Hannibal.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He saw the unutterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and, in his fury, smil'd.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease,
Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
I smile but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain!

But were it cordial, this detested smile,
Seems it less timely than the grief ye show!
O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The sordid source of your indecent wo!

Why weep ye now! ye saw with tearless eye
When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave:
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd! honour'd shade!
Go the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
Had freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,
She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear;
Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold;
Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
And falling moistens their abandon'd gold *.

E L E G Y XX.

He compares his HUMBLE FORTUNE with the Distress
of others; and his SUBJECTION to DELIA, with the
miserable Servitude of an AFRICAN SLAVE.

WHY droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn?
Why sinks my soul beneath each wint'ry sky?
What pensive crouds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads, wish to be as blest'd as I?

What tho' my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way!
Nor costly art my flow'ry dales disguise,
Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild fons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain.
Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!

* By the terms forced upon the Carthaginians by Scipio, they were to deliver up all the elephants, and to pay near two millions Sterling.

Slave tho' I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n blifs to bear.

See the poor native quite the Lycian shores,
Ah! not in loves delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores,
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship heals his wound.

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No, let the muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away!

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
He dropt a tear unseen into the flood;
He stole one secret moment to repine.

Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as nature could inspire;
To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.

"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
And more than sea-born monsters plough the main?"

Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail ;
Here the blue asps with livid poison swell :
Here the dry dipſa writhes his ſinuous mail ;
Can we not here, ſecure from envy dwell ?

When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
When the ſtern panther ſought his midnight prey,
What fate reſerv'd me for this * Chriſtian race ?
O race more poliſh'd, more ſevere than they !

Ye prouling wolves, purſue my lateſt cries ?
Thou hungry tyger, leave thy reeking den !
Ye ſandy waſtes, in rapid eddies riſe !
O tear me from the whips and ſcorns of men !

Yet in their face ſuperior beauty glows ;
Are ſmiles the mien of rapine and of wrong ?
Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.

Of bliſſful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,
But ſtain'd with blood, and criuſon'd o'er with crimes
ſay, ſhall they merit what they paint ſo fair ?

No, careleſs, hopeleſs of thoſe fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our ſorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign theſe diſtant regions to repay.

* Spoke by a Savage.

For them our tusky elephant expires ;
 For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
 Where rove the brutal nations wild desires ?—
 Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold !

Yet shores there are, blest'd shores for us remain,
 And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd,
 Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
 Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

There the stern tyrant that embitters life,
 Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
 There shall we view the billow's raging strife,
 Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land,

E L E G Y XXI.

Taking a view of the COUNTRY from his RETIREMENT
 he is led to meditate on the CHARACTER of the
 ancient BRITONS. Written at the Time of a ru-
 moured TAX upon LUXURY, 1746.

THUS Damon sung——What though unknown to
 praise,
 Umbrageous coverts hide my muse and me;
 Or 'mid the rural shepherds, flow my days,
 Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.

To view sleek vassals croud a stately hall,
Say should I grow myself a solemn slave?
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forego the flow'ry fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend,
I thro' fringy woodland, or smooth shaven lawn;
Or pensile grove, or airy cliff ascend,
And hail the scene by Nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
Nor fatt'ning olive clothe the fields I rove,
Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
And ev'ry sylvan grot the muses love.

Here if my vista point the mould'ring pile,
Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tott'ring reliques with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd, if the glowing landscape wave with corn;
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand valleys borne,
Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful sight
Scales the proud hills ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such Caer caradoc! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where by science fir'd,
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend?
There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd,
Invidious view the clam'ring goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The free born Briton left his greenest mead;
Receding fullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
Above or Persian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages carol'd forth his fame;
Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's tongue;
The hoary druid fed the gen'rous flame,
While in such strains, the rev'rend wizard sung.

"Go forth my sons! — for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
Go forth, my sons! — for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drop's the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
With mistletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
Your solemn woods resound your martial fire;
To you, my sons, the ritual meeds belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish, or expire.

Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves
What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms!
This is the favour'd moment Heav'n approves,
Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound to arms."

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The list'd youth, nor war's loud signal know,
Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car;
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful sleep,
If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent and vain,
Thron'd in the splendid carriage glides supine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign strain,
Or at a fav'rite's board his faith resign.

Leave then, O Luxury! this happy soil!
 Chase her, Britannia, to some hostile shore!
 Or * fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
 And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more.

E L E G Y XXII.

Written in the Year —, when the RIGHTS of SE-
 CULTURE were so frequently violated.

SAY, gentle sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,
 Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,
 Whence my late vision thus endures the light;
 Thus haunts my fancy thro' the glare of day.

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
 And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wond'ring eyes,
 And Sylvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
 That led the dance beneath the festive shade!
 But she that, in the morning of her day,
 Intomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury, then in debate.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast ;
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Paestan-rose surpass ;
Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face ;
Nor such her voice as charm'd the list'ning croud ;
Nor such her dress as heighten'd ev'ry grace ;
Alas ! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud ;

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same ;
That dear distinction ev'ry doubt remov'd ;
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon," she said, "mine hour allotted flies ;
Oh ! do not waste it with a fruitless tear !
Tho' griev'd to see thy Sylvia's pale disguise,
Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muse with virtuous fame be blest ?
So be thy love with mutual love repaid !
So may thy bones in secret silence rest,
Fast by the relics of some happier maid !

Thou know'st how ling'ring on a distant shore
Disease invidious nipt my flow'ry prime ;
And oh ! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
To think I ne'er must view my native clime !

No friend was near to raise my drooping head ;
No dear companion wept to see me die ;
Lodge me within my native soil, I said ;
Where my fond parents honour'd relics lie.

Tho' now debarr'd of each domestic tear ;
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow ;
There many a friend shall grace my woful bier,
And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil ;
Some venal mourner lent his careless aid :
And soon they bore me to my native soil,
Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

'Twas then the youths, from ev'ry plain and grove,
Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Sylvia's bier ;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why alas! the tender scene display?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline ?
Ah no! 'Twas Damon first attun'd his lay,
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine,

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom ;
When savage robbers ev'ry sanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb ?

Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands :
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands ?

Say, would thy breast no death like torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey ?
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel ?
To crouds a spectre, and to dogs a prey ?

If Paeon's sons these horrid rites require.
If health's fair science be by these refin'd,
Let guilty convicts for their use expire,
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose !
Now, more severe ! the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled ?
Where the fond care the wand'ring manes claim ?
Nature instinctive, cries, protect the dead,
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame.

Arise dear youth ! ev'n now the danger calls ;
Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey ;
See ! see ! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls ——
Oh ! fly to chase these human wolves away."

E L E G Y XXIII.

REFLECTIONS suggested by his SITUATION.

BORN near the scene for * Kenelm's fate renown'd,
 I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
 And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
 The savage force of empire, and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
 Where spreading oaks embow'r a Gothic fane;
 Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
 There nature urg'd her tend'rest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
 Th' ambitious maid could ev'ry care employ;
 Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flow'rs,
 To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

* Kenelm in the Saxon heptarchy was heir to the kingdom of Mercia: but being very young at his father's death, was, by the artifices of his sister and her lover, deprived of his crown and life together. The body was found in a peace of ground near the top of Clent hill, exactly facing Mr Shenstone's house: near which place a church was afterwards erected to his memory, still used for divine worship, and called St Kenelm's. See Plot's History of Staffordshire.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune and how just were fate,
Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover, and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chace, the fraudulent maid;
To these lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth all prone, the sister guide obey'd,
Ill fated youth! himself the destin'd prey,

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the sylvan game;
Since Lyttleton has crown'd the sweet domain
With softer pleasure, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,
Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire;
And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson, loit'ring near some limpid well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or studious of revolving seasons, tell
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair!

See * * * * * from civic garlands fly,
And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein !
Or from yon summit, with a guardian's eye,
Observe how freedom's hand attires the plain !

Here Pope !—ah never must that tow'ring mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return !
What art ! what friendships ! oh ! what fame resign'd !
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold ?
Where is the breast can bear the woodland strain,
And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold ?

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,
While o'er my head forgotten suns descend !
Through these dear valleys, bend my casual way,
Till setting life a total shade extend !

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate ;
Or shrink to find how much ambition dares,
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state !

Canst thou O sun ! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain ?
Where, shew me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain ?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
There not the parents smile is half sincere,
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd. and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And ev'n the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murd'rous round;
The glance that more than rural blame instills;
Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careless brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and prudence warns the wise,
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all are rivals! sister, son, and fire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft ey'd maids in murd'rous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign;
But lay me, fate! on flow'ry bank, secure,
Tho' my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yet, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
 My lyre resound no prostituted lays;
 More warm to merit, more elate to wear
 The cap of freedom, than the crown of bays.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
 I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow;
 Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
 I scorn the quarry where no shrub can grow.

No midnight-pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
 His tongue, his hand attempts no secret wound;
 He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
 His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

E L E G Y XXIV.

He takes occasion from the FATE of ELEANOR of
 BRETAGNE *, to suggest the imperfect Pleasures of
 a solitary LIFE.

WHEN beauty mourns by fates, injurious doom,
 Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
 When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
 Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

* Eleanor of Bretagne the lawful heiress of the English crown upon the death of Arthur, in the reign of King John. She was esteemed the beauty of her time; was imprison'd forty years (till the time of her death) in Bristol castle.

Fair Eleanora! would no gallant mind

The cause of love, the cause of justice own!
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne!

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mein might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tow'r
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguish ev'ry rose devour;
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they fell.

Thro' one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Successive furs a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This age might bear; then sated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its list'ning ear, its curious eye.

Believe me * * * the pretence is vain!
This boasted calm that smooths our early days,
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak, or limped spring,
 Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
 Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
 And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What tho' thy riper mind admire no more——
 The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold
 Can pierce like light'ning thro' the figur'd ore,
 And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermines, rods may well attract thy scorn;
 The futile presents of capricious pow'r!
 But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
 And who but envies then the social hour?

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
 Forget how * * * sustains the shepherd's cause!
 Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
 Nor join the sounding paeon of applause?

For public haunts impell'd by Britain's weal,
 See Grenville quit the muse's fav'rite ease;
 And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
 Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

Life, says the sage, affords no bliss sincere;
 And courts, and cells in vain our hopes renew:
 But ah! where Grenville charms the list'ning ear,
 'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

The groves may smile; the rivers gently glide;
Soft thro' the vale resound the lonesome lay;
Even thickets yield delight, if taste preside,
But can they please, when Lyttleton's away?

Pure as the swain's the breast of * * * glows,
Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, refin'd;
But how improv'd the gen'rous dictate flows
Thro' the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

Happy the youths who warm with Britain's love,
Her inmost with in * * * periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

While rural faith, and ev'ry polish'd art,
Each friendly charm in * * * conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream
Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its chearful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then cover'd by the ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk; no more by passion tost:
Then seek thy rustic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where ev'ry art that covers life is lost. ———

In vain! the list'ning muse attends in vain!
 Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait —
 — Yet will I grieve and sadden all my strain,
 When injur'd beauty mourns the muse's fate.

E L E G Y XXV.

To DEZIA, with some Flowers; Complaining how
 much his BENEVOLENCE suffers on account of his
 HUMBLE FORTUNE.

WHATE'ER could sculpture's curious art employ,
 Whate'er the lavish hand of wealth can show'r,
 These would I give—and ev'ry gift enjoy,
 That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the pow'r.

Bless'd were my lot, to feed the social fires!
 To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
 To give the boon his native taste admires,
 And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Bless'd too is he, whose ev'ning ramble strays
 Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
 His little gifts their garland eyes amaze,
 And win, at all expence, their fondest pray'r!

And oh the joy! to shun the conscious light,
 To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
 Like show'rs that fall behind the veil of night,
 Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green!

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve !
Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear !
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade ;
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine ;
To hear it grateful own the gen'rous aid ;
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss ; nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll ;
While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And soothe the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bow'rs,
And urge with trivial cares the loit'ring year ;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flow'rs,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier !

Of those lov'd flow'rs the lifeless corse may share ;
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow ;
The rest will breathe as sweet, will grow as fair,
As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the silvan quire ;
The kid again shall wanton ere its noon ;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire ;
O ! let not gentle Delia smile so soon !

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
 And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
 Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay;
 And softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
 I bless the silent path the fates decree:
 Pleas'd from the list of my inglorious days,
 To raze the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

E L E G Y XXVI.

Describing the SORROW of an ingenuous MIND, on the
 melancholy EVENT of a licentious AMOUR.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye!
 That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
 Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
 Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
 Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
 Bless'd in thy sons, and bless'd in ev'ry grace,
 That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
 Nor Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
 Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
 And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh ! that nature on my birth had frown'd !
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell !
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd ;
In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd, all her queen inspir'd,

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices ! gilded by the rich and gay !
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chace till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid ! to stain thy spotless name,
Expencc, and art, and toil united strove ;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn ;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancied rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove ;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest ?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline ?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame ;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day ;
When scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

" Henry," she said, " by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone !
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd :
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return ?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn ?

Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame,
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan ;
All seem to chace me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale,
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young ;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee ;
Trembles each lip and falters ev'ry tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye ;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
To die I languish but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth : the pangs of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore ;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chace my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
 Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
 Not such the parents board at which I fed!
 Not such the précept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
 Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
 Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
 And pity, welcome, to my native foil."

She Spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
 Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
 And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
 I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave;
 I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend;
 Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
 The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
 O'er the tall mast the circling furies close;
 My Jessy—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
 Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
 But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
 From Jessy floating on her wat'ry bier!

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE to the late DUCHESS of SOMERSET.

Written in 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the muse inspire?
Oh! peace to yonder clam'rous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, tim'rous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does the smoothe her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply
And, urg'd by rude constraint, resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey:
He seeks his flock — no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses load the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone ;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown :
Yours be the produce of the soil ;
O may it still reward your toil !
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants, ask support in vain !

But tho' the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye ?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply ?
Is not the red streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round ?
A thirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true :
But tho', the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume ;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse :
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of ev'ry swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain :
'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight ;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd :
Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley-winds, or scuntain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain :
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides ;
Ev'n thistleless furze detains their wand'ring sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with de-
light.

With what suspicious fearful care
The fordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name?
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth !
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
The tow'ring muse endures not to disclose ;

Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea :
Each laughing muse derides the vow :
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dow'r,
His breast to admiration prone,
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant ev'ry grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
When Somerset avoids the great ;
When cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat ;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell ?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon thro'ble chant the rising year ?

Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half mankind?

Ah can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:
While, studious of the moral theme,
She to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the graces mild,
And ev'ry muse prophetic smil'd.
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should fame's wide echoing trumpet swell;
Or on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;

Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
 All nature's charms immense, and heav'n's unbound-
 ed love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
 To catch some hints from nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around :
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smoothe below the verdant mead ;
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or through meand'ring mazes lead ;
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom ;
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten all the
 scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour ;
 O beauties never known to cloy !
 While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bow'r,
 And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy !
 While charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain ;
 See vagrant luxury, her handmaid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing
For sustenance alone? for use?
For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To southe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of fancy flew;
There long had art ordain'd a rival seat;
There had she lavish'd all her care
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat

To share her prond coutroul ;
 Had given the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotic gems to glow ;
 And, emulous of nature's pow'r,
 Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r ;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And wrap'd the very soul !

A while her magic strikes the novel eye ;
 A while the fairy forms delight ;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions thro' a purer sky,
 Where all is wondrous, all is bright :
 Now landed on some spangled shore,
 A while each dazzled maniac roves
 By sapphire lakes, thro' em'rald groves :
 Paternal acres please no more ;
 Adieu the simple the sincere delight——
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetches purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil,

But soon the pageant fades away !
 'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatig'd with splendor's irksome beams

Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves and wonted streams,
Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes disguise.

Then hither oft ye senators retire,
With nature here high converse hold;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
The unequal bribes of pageantry and gold?
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour, and Moral Beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes here alone did highest Heav'n ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain?

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,
'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim;
From rooms of silken foliage vain,

To trace the dun far distant grove,
 Where smit with undissembled pain,
 The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
 Borne to the dusty town from native air,
 To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,
 To virtue, truth, or science dear,
 Forego a court's alluring pale,
 For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
 For that rich luxury of thought, they love!
 Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
 Example for its giddy bands ;
 From these impartial heav'n demands
 To spread the flame itself inspires ;
 To sift opinion's mingled mass,
 Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass,

Happy, thrice happy they,
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
 Round the gay precincts of a throne,
 With mild effective beams ?
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grott, or shady spring,
 To join their pleasing dreams !
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
 They only that deserve enjoy.
 What tho' not fabled dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor naiad near their fountains rove,

Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
A train of smiling virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's
brow.

And tho' by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with nature urg'd presumptuous war;
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their counsels jar.
'Tis hers to mediate the peace:
Near Percy-lodge, with awe struck mein,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention cease,
I see the rival pow'rs combine,
And aid each other's fair design;
Nature exalt the mound where art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane!
Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,

Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averſe; that Somerſet ſhould hear,

O D E T O M E M O R Y, 1748.

O Memory! celeftial maid!
 Who glean'ſt the flow'rets cropt by time;
 And ſuffering not a leaf to fade,
 Preſerv'ſt the bloſſoms of our prime;
 Bring, bring thoſe moments to my mind
 When life was new and Leſbia kind.

And bring that garland to my ſight,
 With which my favour'd crook ſhe bound;
 And bring that wreath of roſes bright
 Which then my feſtive temples crown'd.
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things ſhe deign'd to ſay.

And ſketch with care the muſe's bow'r,
 Where Iſis rolls her ſilver tide;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flow'r
 That ſhines on Cherwell's verdant ſide;
 If ſo thou may'ſt thoſe hours prolong,
 When poliſh'd Lycon join'd my ſong.

The ſong it 'vails not to recite:—
 But ſure, to ſoothe our youthful dreams,
 Thoſe banks and ſtreams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other ſtreams:

Or by thy soft'ning pencil shown
Assume thy beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow;
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive pow'r depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chace those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raise,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When pleas'd, in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
 Why did not these enjoyments last?
 How sweetly wasted I the day,
 While innocence allow'd to waste?
 Ambition's toils alike are vain,
 But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

The Princess ELISABETH.

A Ballad. alluding to a Story recorded of her, when
 she was Prisoner at WOODSTOCK, 1554

WILL you hear how once repining
 Great Eliza captive lay;
 Each ambitious thought resigning,
 Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted
 Tript around in all their pride;
 Envyng joys by others slighted,
 Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

" Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
 Who would bid those scenes adieu?
 Stranger to her arts of malice,
 Who would ever courts pursue?

Malice never taught to treasure,
 Censure never taught to bear?
 Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
 Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the pow'rs above !
Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love ?

Love like air is widely given ;
Pow'r nor chance can these restrain ;
Truest, noblest gifts of heaven !
Only purest on the plain !

Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As on Sunday's does the lover
With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near ;
Fops may use the same allusion ;
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail ;
Cowslips all around her springing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent Heav'n had granted
 Me some rural damsel's part !
 All the empire I had wanted
 Then had been my shepherd's heart.

'Then with him, o'er hills and mountains
 Free from fetters, might I rove :
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains ;
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving ;
 Partial to my virgin bloom ;
 None had envy'd me when living ;
 None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

ODE to a Young LADY,

Somewhat too solicitous about her Manner of
 EXPRESSION.

SURVEY my fair ! that lucid stream
 A down the smiling valley stray ;
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way ?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow :
 Not all thy art, not all thy care
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
 With native plants enamel'd o'er;
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill
 Instruct one flow'r to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the wook-lark's tuneful throat
 Can ev'ry study'd grace excel;
 Let art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic law confin'd!
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

N A N C Y of the V A L E.

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
 Candidior cygnis! hedera formosior alba!

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With ev'ry pleasing ray;
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bow r
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 He blest'd the scene, he blest'd the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

" Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 While weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove :

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale !
 And ev'ry blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
 And ev'ry shining glance display'd
 The naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide :
 Bright as the water lily sprung,
 And glitt'ring near its side.

Fresh as the bord'ring flow'rs, her bloom ;
 Her eye all mild to view ;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
So taper, straight and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet!
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
"Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good-will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego;
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow."

ODE to INDOLENCE, 1759.

AH! why for ever on the wing
 Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
 Why ever cheated, strives to bring,
 Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
 From paradise's honour'd groves,
 Careless fatigues his little frame,
 Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
 My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
 Ah gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
 The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should ling'ring thought invade,
 Yet ev'ry wordly prospect cloy?
 Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
 And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
 That never ebbs, that never flows;
 Protected by the circling wood
 From each tempestuous wind that blows.

An altar on its banks shall rise,
Where oft thy vot'ry shall be found;
What time pale autumn lulls the skies,
And sick'ning verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
That haunt ambition's guilty shrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;
If e'er I sway'd my active mind,
'To weave' for thee the rural bow'r;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

O D E to H E A L T H, 1730.

O Health, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,
Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown
It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place:
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
 Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
 Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
 Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city air;
 I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
 Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
 O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
 And though with purest hands I raise
 A rural altar to thy praise,
 Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well known grove,
 Where min'ral fountains vainly bear
 Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
 Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim;
 Enabling him, with idle noise,
 To drown the muse's melting voice,
 And fright the tim'rous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu
 Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
 Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
 And deals no more with yon.

Is it the clime you flee ?
 Yet, 'midst his unremitting snows,
 The poor Laponian's bosom glows ;
 And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
 When though I scorn'd thy guardian cure,
 Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,
 I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest'd than I ?
 When the glad school boys task was done,
 And forth, with jocund sp'rit I run
 To freedom and to joy ?

How jovial then the day ?
 What since have all my labours found,
 Thus climbing life to gaze around,
 That can thy loss repay ?

Wert thou alas! but kind,
 Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
 Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
 Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include ;
 What other breasts convert to pain,
 My tow'ring mind shall soon disdain,
 Should scorn——Ingratitude!

Repair this mould'ring cell,
 And blest'd with objects found at home,
 And envying none their fairer dome,
 How pleas'd my soul should dwell!

Temp'rance should guard the doors;
 From room to room should mem'ry stray,
 And ranging all in neat array,
 Enjoy her pleasing stores——

There let them rest unknown,
 The types of many a pleasing scene;
 But to preserve them bright or clean,
 Is thine, fair queen! alone.

To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

AH! what is science, what is art,
 Or what the pleasure these impart?
 Ye trophies which the learn'd pursue
 Through endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow
 To soothe the miseries they show?
 What, like the bliss for him decreed,
 Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say wretched fancy ! thus refin'd
From all that glads the simplest hind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes !

The polish'd bard of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain ;
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb ;
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,
Behold contentment range—the vale !

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
We scorn the croud, when you are nigh :
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning then deserve our care ?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold,
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws ?

Where are our humbler tenets flown ?
What strange perfection bids us own
That blest with toilsome science dwells,
And happiest he, who most excells.

Upon a VISIT to the same in Winter, 1748.

ON fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away !

No linnet from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now ;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flow'rs emit their transient rays :
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Tho' rifled groves, and fetter'd streams,
But ill befriend a poet's dreams ;
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye ;
No cheerful azure decks the sky ;
Yet still we bless the luring day ;
Asteria smiles——and all is gay.

Hence let the muse no more presume
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuse his loit'ring hours no more;
But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year,
On savage plains, and desarts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone!
But 'mid the flow'ry sweets of May
With pride recal this winter's day.

An Irregular ODE after SICKNESS, 1749.

———Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus.

TOO long a stranger to repose,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The sun's forgotten beams:

O sun ! how pleasing were thy rays,
 Reflected from the polish'd face
 Of yon' refulgent streams !

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
 Essay'd again the sweets of song :
 And thus, in feeble strains and flow,
 The loit'ring numbers 'gin to flow.

“ Come, gentle air ! my languid limbs restore,
 And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore :
 For sure I heard the tender sighs,
 I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
 Of hapless youths, who thro' the myrtle-grove
 Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love :

To that unjoyous clime,
 Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies ;
 Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes ;
 And banish'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air ! and, while the thickets bloom,
 Convey the jasmin's breath divine,
 Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
 Nor spare the sweet-leaft eglantine.
 And mayst thou shun the rugged storm
 Till health her wonted charms explain,
 With rural pleasure in her train,
 To greet me in her fairest form.
 While from this lofty mount I view
 The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
 Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
 And seek with erring step contentment's obvious way.

Come, gentle air ! and thou celestial muse,
Thy genial flame infuse ;
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy shade ;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim ;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of op'ning flow'rs ;
Such as the bee, with chymic pow'rs,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sabea's blooming vales.
But ah ! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
By precepts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan :
Oh, how should they relieve ! — the muses all were flown.

By flow'ry plain, or woodland shades,
I fondly sought the charming maids ;
By woodland shades, or flow'ry plain,
I sought them, faithless maids ! in vain !
When lo ! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendship lead,
To visit L * * * * 's honour'd bow'r.
Ah foolish man ! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades !
Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,
When sounds ethereal strike my ear ;

At once celestial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The muses here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace,
How ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a flow'r amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glow's not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
But torn, methought, from native lands or seas,
From their arrangement, gain fresh pow'r to please.

And some had bent the wild'ring maze,
Bedeck'd with ev'ry shrub that blows;
And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or 'mid the decorated space,
Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
And giv'n to learning all the pomp of show.
And now, from ev'ry task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah! wo is me, said I :

And * * * 's hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this, with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop ev'ry winding shore;
And fringe with ev'ry purple rose,
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows

Ah ! lovely treach'rous maids!

To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale disease, and tort'ring pain
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd,
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song, or plan the shade.

By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspir'd.
Thus I may rage, and grief display ;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a grace or muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

Written in a FLOWER-BOOK of my own colouring,
designed for Lady Plymouth, 1753-4.

Debitae nymphis opifex coronae.

Hor.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair this peerless dame!

But ah! since envious winter lours,
And Hewell meads resign their flow'rs
Let art and friendship joint essay
Diffuse their flow'rets, in her way.

Not nature can herself prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

A N A C R E O N T I C. 1738.

'TWAS in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade,
And stretch'd him on the mossy foil.

A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour,
The world, I ween, may rest in peace,
And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artill'ry hide—
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and ev'ry dart,
Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

114 ODES, SONGS, &c.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire ;
 For who will now your altars throng ?
 From love we learn to swell the lyre ;
 And echo asks no sweeter song.

ODE. Written in 1739.

Urit spes animi credula mutui.

HOR.

'TWAS not by beauty's aid alone,
 That love usurp'd his airy throne,
 His boasted pow'r display'd :
 'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
 'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
 Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes the lightnings view ;
 Her lips with all the roses hue
 Have all its sweets combin'd ;
 Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
 Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
 To prove the charmer kind.——

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,
 With softest accent, sweetest air,
 By envy's self admir'd ;
 If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
 In vain might ev'ry grace adorn,
 What ev'ry muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
Which love sick swains endure :
Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart ;
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And smiles—must ever cure.

But ah ! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from love,
Experience hourly shows !
Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
On ev'ry charming lip and eye
Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair one's eyes ;
In vain the sage explores the skies,
To learn from stars his fate :
'Till led by fancy wide astray,
He finds no plannet mark his way ;
Convinc'd and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove,
Then boldly join the lists of love,
With tow'ring hopes supply'd :
So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs,
Then took the field—and dy'd.

The DYING KID.

*Optima quaeque dies miseris mortalibus avi
Prima fugit——*

VIRG.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring and flow'ry mead,
Must in his prime of life recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And, on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then skipt aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die. —

But knows my Delia, timely wife,
How soon this blameless aera flies?
While violence and craft succeed;
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah soon, craz'd from ev'ry grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bow'rs might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more those beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join my tend'rest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

S O N G S.

Written chiefly between the years 1737 and 1742.

S O N G I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

S O N G II.

The LANDSCAPE.

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs?
Were ever flow'rs so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

S O N G III.

YE gentle nymphs, and gen'rous dames,
That rule o'er ev'ry British mind;
Be sure ye soothe their am'rous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
 In unremitting sighs away :
 To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
 And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
 A British youth should vainly moan ;
 Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
 Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And boast the fetters wrought by you.

S O N G IV.

The S K Y-L A R K.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bride from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid;
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's wo,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G V.

Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

ON ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain!
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or what the needless pride of spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield;
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon unsincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the pray'r?

S O N G VI.

The Attribute of V E N U S.

YES, Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and shape and air:
But still, to perfect ev'ry grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore;
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

S O N G VII. 1744.

THe lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow;
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow!

Love is an April's doubtful day:
A while we see the tempest lowr;
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
 Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
 In ev'ry raptur'd note express
 The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742,

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green,
 In all the pride of dress and mien;
 Averse to freedom, love, and play,
 The dazzling rival of the day:
 None other beauty strikes mine eye,
 The lilies droop, the roses die.
 But when, disclaiming art, the fair
 Assumes a soft engaging air;
 Mild as the op'ning morn of May,
 Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
 'The scene improves, where-e'er she goëd,
 More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
 Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
 Pity a wild illusive flame
 That varies objects still the same:
 And let their very changes prove
 The never varied force of love.

S O N G IX. 1743.

V A L E N T I N E's D A Y.

'TIS said, that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny,
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant pow'r,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the sov'reign flow'r.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flow'r,
 To tempt a vot'ry's pray'r!——
 How would his humble homage tow'r
 Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
 O'er Flavia's beauty range,
 He there would fix his lasting choice,
 Nor dare, nor wish to change.

SONG X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wondrous near,
 That from these fountains bear my dear;
 A little space is giv'n, in vain:
 She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove
 My boundless flame, my endless love:
 And like the train of vulgar hours,
 Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way,
 On that I gaze the livelong day;
 No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
 Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief, that knows of succours nigh,
 And sees his mangled legions die,

Cast not a more impatient glance,
To see the loit'ring aids advance.

Not more, the schoolboy, that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace —

She comes—but ah! what crouds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair inclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee?

SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and sense like hers agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might with the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
 The servile chain that lovers wear;
 Let, let me all my fears remove,
 My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
 In any form less fair than thine?
 It is—it is love's subtle fire,
 And under friendship lurks desire.

S O N G XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
 And wither'd heaths I rove;
 Where tree, nor spire, nor cote appears,
 I pass to meet my love.

But tho' my path were damask'd o'er
 With beauties e'er so fine;
 My busy thoughts would fly before,
 To fix alone—on thine.

No fir crown'd hills could give delight,
 No palace please mine eye:
 No pyramid's aerial height,
 Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should eastern kings advance,
 Could I the pageant see;
 Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

S O N G XIII.

The SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd
the rill;

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue:
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew;
The graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the muses are all in alliance with love.

S O N G XIV.

The R O S E - B U D.

SEE, Daphne, see, Florelia cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays,
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze;
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
'Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade:
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the rose an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain,
Confine your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms
You of your wit, me of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill ?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien ?
Or what the rose's blush unseen ?

S O N G XV.

W I N T E R, 1746.

N O more, ye warbling birds, rejoice :
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preserves her voice,
And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-sick limbs I lay,
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmurs seems to say,
She never will be kind !”

The naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
In icy chains repine ;
And each in sullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine !

Soon will the suns returning rays
The cheerless frost controul ;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul ?

S O N G X V I.

D A P H N E's V i s i t.

Y E birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lays salute my love :
 My Daphne with your notes detain :
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs ! before her footsteps rise,
 Display at once your brightest dyes,
 That she your op'ning charms may see ;
 Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ; brush each fragrant flow'r,
 And shed its odours round my bow'r :
 Or never more, O gentle wind,
 Shall I, from thee, refreshment find,

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair;
 Or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grott! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine surrounds,
 May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom;
 Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

S O N G XVII.

Written in a Collection of BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

A Dieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown;
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me,

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove,
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love,

S O N G XVIII,

Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!

In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run;
 In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun;
 Ill-grounded no doubt, a devotion must prove
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains;
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains;
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
 How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
 Be still tho', my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs!
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
 Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursu'd,
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!
 But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er,
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

The HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
 Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?
 'Tis all because she would not lose
 Her fav'rite calm that would not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
 The stream reflects each flow'ry spray;
 And frugal of her time, she flies
 To take her fill of love and play.

See her when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated show'r,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.

You too, my Sylvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll:
And when our youth, our health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

O D E.

SO dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when ev'ry muse,
 When ev'ry grace benignant smil'd,
 With all a parent's breast could chuse
 To bless her lov'd, her only child;
 'Tis thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
 More nobler cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
 Have trod the flow'ry tracks of time,
 Together mus'd in search of truth,
 O'er learned sage, or bard sublime;
 And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
 What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
 And sing some patriot's worth sublime;
 Whilst I in fields of soft desire,
 Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
 Whose reed aspires but to display
 The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
 Shall daily soothe thy studious mind,
 The blue ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
 Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
 And fame sits listning for thy lays,
 To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
 To lure the sportsman from her nest,

And flett'ring on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shews her tortur'd breast;
O let him conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A P A S T O R A L O D E.

To the Honourable Sir RICHARD LYTTLETON.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light,
A fullen mist had stol'n from light
Each pleasing vale and hill :
When Damon left his humble bow'rs
To guard his flocks, to fence his flow'rs,
Or check his wand'ring rill.

Tho' school'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each louring sky,
Would oft his fate bemoan ;
That he, in sylvan shades, forlorn !
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstrep'rous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe :
The pleasures he thro' choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushly dingles hide.

And moorcock's shnn the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quite their prey.

But see, the radiant sun once more
The bright'ning face of heav'n restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn;
And more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear,
That ever trode the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think * Bridgewater's honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;
That she on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the gen'rous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd.
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast where fancy glows
Deem ev'ry flow'r a weed, that blows
Amid the desert plain.

* The Dutchess of Bridgewater, married to Sir
Richard Lyttleton.

Reseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive :
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,
The prime of all the spring;
If haply thus you lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien !
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
'Mid hazel copses green !

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,
While busy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line ;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As thro' enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph descend to stray

From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
 Else by the blooming features fair,
 The faultless make, the matchless air,
 'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberoſe delight,
 That ſtruck the pilgrim's wond'ring ſight
 Mid lonely deſerts drear;
 All as at eve, the ſov'reign flow'r,
 Diſpenſes round its balmy pow'r,
 And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the ſhepherd cry'd
 Muſt I ambition's charms deride,
 Her ſubtle force diſown;
 No more of fawns or fairies dream,
 While fancy, near each crystal ſtream,
 Shall paint theſe forms alone.

By low brow'd rock, or pathleſs mead,
 I deem'd that ſplendour ne'r ſhould lead
 My dazzled eyes aſtray;
 But who, alas! will dare contend,
 If beauty add, or merit blend
 Its more illuſtrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive ſwain!
 Since Guernſey ſaw, without diſdain,
 Where, hid in woodlands green,

The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flow'r,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bow'r,
To smile familiar here :
O form'd by nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy, which flows
From social warmth sincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio fought this lonely shade,
Admir'd his rural maze :
The noblest breast that virtue fires,
The graces love, the muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say, Thomson here was known to rest,
For him yon vernal seat I drest,
Ah, never to return ?
In place of wit, and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then. my Lelius' come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore

* They were school-fellows.

With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial muse
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless, thro' the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!
Tho' form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove
Inglorious, thro' the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?

Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury ?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow ;
Yet prais'd these unimbellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the bubbling floods,
Thro' self-worn mazes flow.

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade ;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection away'd :

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear,
Ye sailors tho' his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone :
Grant him in other spheres to charm,
The shepherds breast tho' mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton ! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy gen'rous breast,
Thy firm yet polish'd mind ;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conspires with fame ;
The song should please mankind.

V E R S E S.

Written towards the close of the year 1748,
to WILLIAM LYTTLETON, Esq.

HOW blithely pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was ev'ry flow'r!
While friends arriv'd in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bow'r!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bow'r, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds, and cities borne
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O penfive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy forrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of ev'ry drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky:
Complete my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motely cast
Yon sick'ning leaves retain ;
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest'd, I gaze around,
My distant scenes require ;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard !
Inspiring Autumn sung ;
Yet how should we the months regard,
That stopp'd his flowing tongue ?

Ah luckless months of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell !
For sure he was the gentlest breast
That ever sung so well.

And see the swallows now disown
The roofs they lov'd before ;
Each like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad some happier shore.

The wood nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed ;
While hounds, and horns, and yells unite
To drown the muse's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown !
 Ye skies no longer blue !
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
 To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green ?
 The zephyr's balmy gale ?
 And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,
 That brighten'd ev'ry vale ?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
 And boast her purple store ;
 Not all the vinyard's rich supplies
 Can soothe our sorrows more.

He ! he is gone, whose moral strain
 Could wit and mirth refine ;
 He ! he is gone, whose social vein
 Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,
 In yon sequester'd grove ;
 To him a votive urn I raise ;
 To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,
 I grave your Thomson's name ;
 And there, his lyre ; which fate forbade
 To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeleſs wo ;
And, faſter than the dropping fount,
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in ſpite of Autumn, green,
Shall ſhade the hallow'd ground ;
And Spring will there again be ſeen,
To call forth flow'rs around.

But no kind ſons will bid me ſhare,
Once more his ſocial hour ;
Ah Spring ! thou never canſt repair
This loſs to Damon's bow'r.

J E M M Y D A W S O N.

A BALLAD ; written about the time of his execution,
in the year 1745.

C O M E liſten to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear ;
Nor will you ſcorn to heave a ſigh,
Nor need you bluſh to ſhed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerleſs maid,
Do thou a penſive ear incline ;
For thou canſt weep at ev'ry wo ;
And pity ev'ry plaint — but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
 A brighter never trode the plain;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray;
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,
 O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
 For never yet did Alpine snows,
 So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart!
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George without a pray'r for thee,
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And ev'ry tender babe I bore
Should learn to list the giver's name.

But tho' he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fate's decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
 For tho' it could its king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can shew
 The pure, the lasting love I bore;
 Accept, O Heav'n! of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
 The maid drew back her languid head,
 And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds, is due;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A Pastoral BALLAD, in four parts.

Written in 1743.

Arbusta humileſque myricæ.

VIRG.

I. A B S E N C E.

YE ſhepherds ſo cheerful and gay,
 Whoſe flocks never careleſſly roam;
 Should Corydon's happen to ſtray,
 Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;
 None once was ſo watchful as I:
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have ſtrove
 With the torture of doubt and deſire;
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.
 Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each evening repel;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
 —I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchſaf'd me a look,
 I never once dream'd of my vine;

May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
 But now they are past, and I sigh;
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley is flown ;
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fa^{ir} nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relic away,
 Is happy, nor heed to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relic I bear,
 And my solace where-ever I go.

II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet brier entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold:
 Not a brook that is limped and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.

Oh how sudden the Jessamine strove
 With the lilach to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow ?
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed !
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of his young :
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I heard her with sweetnefs unfold
 How that pity was due to—a dove ;
 That it ever attended the bold,
 That she call'd it the sister of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove!
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

To see, as my fair one goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks on his youth with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well
 On him she may smile if she please,
 'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ;
 But cease gentle Phyllida cease,
 Such softness would ruin the sage.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while ;
 Nay on him let not Phyllida frown ;
 — But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phyllis to find,
 Oh how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is bestudded around ;
 And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock-passion to glow ;
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,

“ How her face is as bright as the snow.
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold :
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.”

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

“ O Phyllis,” he whispers, “ more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r !
What are pinks in a morn to compare ?
What is eglantine after a show'r ?

Then the lily no longer is white ;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.”
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
— Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
 — Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep,
 They have nothing to do but to stray;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire;
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how ye loiter in vain,
Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.
Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.
The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.
O ye woods spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
Was faithless, and I am undone !

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

B  L

